

Program

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Karen Elisabeth Bayer, Soprano

Rebecca Raydo, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A FUSION

Diehn Fine and Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Sunday, November 15, 2015

4:00pm

Miei Pensieri
Cosi non la Voglio

Barbara Strozzi
(1619-1677)

Rebecca Raydo, harpsichord
Jessica Metcalf, cello

Quatre Chansons de Ronsard

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

- I. A une Fontaine
- II. A Cupidon
- III. Tais-toi, babillarde
- IV. Dieu vous gard'

My Master Hath a Garden
Will there really be a Morning?
I Do

Richard Hundley
(b. 1931)

Der Hölle Rache
from *Die Zauberflöte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Carrie Green, Clarinet

Program cont.

No Word from Tom
from *The Rake's Progress*

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

On the Steps of the Palace
From *Into the Woods*

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

Almost Real
from *The Bridges of Madison County*

Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

Karen Beth Bayer is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery.
This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master
of Music Education degree.

Translations

Miei Pensieri

Miei pensieri, e che bramate?
Non mi state più a stordire.
Le bellezze ch'adorate
Non vi vogliono aggradire.
Se goder voi no spate,
miei pensieri, e che bramate?

Miei capricci, omai cessate
di seguir chi vi dà pene:
quelle luci dispietate
mai per voi non sian'serene.
Se in amor voi delirate,
miei capricci, omai cessate.

Mie speranze, v'ingannate!
Quel bel sen' non è per voi:
alter labra venturate
godon' ora i pomi suoi
Troppo, ah troppo, vaneggiate!
Mie speranze, v'ingannate!

Così non la Voglio

Così non la voglio;
Di te, ria fortuna,
Nemica mia sorte,
Pur troppo mi doglio,
Così non la voglio.

Lusingando I miei pensieri
Mi prometti alte speranze,
Ma poi rigidi e severi,
Trovo i fatti alle sembianze.
Cerco il porto d'amor,
ma incontr'un scoglio.

Così non la voglio...

Vezzeggiando le mie brame,
Credo haver propito amore,
Ma nutrendo in sen le fiamme,
Martirizzo questo core.
Tento scioglier il piè,
ma più l'imbroglia.

Così non la voglio...

My Thoughts

My thoughts, for what do you yearn?
No longer stun me.
The beauties which you adore
no longer want to please you.
If you have no hope for your own joy,
My thoughts, for what then do you yearn?

My fancies, cease now
to follow one who gives you pain:
those unmerciful eyes.
would never be calm for you.
If you are delirious with love,
my fancies, cease now!

My hopes, you are deceived!
That beautiful breast is not for you:
other fortunate lips
now enjoy its fruits.
Ah, it is too much, you are raving!
My hopes, you are deceived!

I don't want it to be like that

I don't want it to be like that:
for you, vicious fortune,
enemy of my fate,
I suffer too much,
I don't want it to be like that.

Beguiling my thoughts,
you promise me high hopes,
but then I find reality to be
rigid and stern.
I seek the port of love,
but run into a rock.

I don't want it to be like that...

Flattering my desires,
I believe I've found favorable love
but by nourishing these flames in my breast
I torment my heart.
I try to break free,
but get all the more entangled

I don't want it to be like that...

Translations

A une Fontaine

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent

Quand l'été ménager moissonne
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
Et l'aire par compass resonance
Gémissant sous le blé battu

Ainsi toujours puisses tu être
En religion à tous ceux
Qui te boiront ou fairont paître
Tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs.

Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit, au fond d'un val,
Les nymphes, près de tone repaire,
A mille bonds, mener le bal.

A Cupidon

Le jour pousse la nuit
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D'une obscure ombre.

L'automne suit l'été,
Et l'âpre rage
Des vents n'a poit été
Après l'orage.

Mais la fièvre d'amours
Qui me tourmente,
Demeure en moi toujours,
Et ne s'alente.

Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu
Qu'il fallait poindre,
Ta fleche en d'autre lieu
Se devait joindre.

Poursuis les paresseux
Et les amuse,
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu'aime la Muse.

At a Fountain

But listen, lively little fountain,
Who dost my thirst so oft appease,
Reclining here beneath the mountain,
Idle in the refreshing breeze.

When frugal summer is reclaiming
The fruit of Ceres' bared breast,
With every threshing floor exclaiming
Beneath the weight of her bequest.

O thus my thou remain forever,
A sacred place for all those,
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,
Share thy discourse, thy repose.

And may the moon at midnight, glancing
Upon the valley always see
The nymphs that rally here for dancing
To leap and bound in revelry.

Cupid's Arrow

The day pursues the night,
and evening's shades
in turn put day to flight
as sunlight fades.

So summer yields to fall,
no sound of thunder,
no rain, nor windy squall
Bursts calm asunder.

But the fever of love
torments me still,
a thing I can't remove,
Do what I will.

It was not at me, God,
you should have aimed
some other might enjoy
Being thus maimed.

Pursue some idle beaux
Whom it amuses,
But neither me nor those
Loved of the muses.

Translations

Tais-toi, babillarde

Tais-toi, babillarde arondelle,
Ou bien je plumerai ton aile
Si je t'empogne, ou d' couteau
Je te couperai la languette,
Qui matin sans repos caquette,
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Je te preste ma cheminée
Pour chanter toute la journée,
De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.
Mais au matin ne me reveille
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

Dieu vous gard'

Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles
Du printemps, gentes hirondelles,
Huppés, coucous, rossignols,
Tourterelles et vous
oiseaux sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous, boutons jadis connus
Du sang d'Ajace et de Narcisses;
Et vous, thym, anis et mélisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard' troupe diaprée
Des papillons, qui par la préce
Les douces herbes sucotez;
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue
Votre belle et douce venue.
O que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermaient à la maison.

Be still, chatterer

Be still you noisy little thing,
Or I shall pluck your pretty wing
First chance I get, or with one stroke
I'll close for good that busy bill,
That prattles from the window sill
And makes my morning sleep a joke.

There in my chimney make your next,
and sing all day without a rest,
All evening too, I shall not chide,
But in the morning please be fair
And let there be no music there
To steal Cassandra from my arms.

God keep you

God keep you, you who never fail
to herald spring, lyric nightingale,
swallows, cuckoos, happy peewees,
You doves, wild birds
now northward winging,
Who with a hundred kinds of singing
Animate the air and the trees.

God keep you in your lovely bowers,
Pretty roses, all pretty flowers,
And you, new bud, in whose soft vein
Flows the blood of Ajax and Narcissus;
And you, thyme, anis and melissa,
May you always come back again.

God keep you, pretty company
of butterflies who in the lea
Now suck the herbs' sweet fragrant food,
and bees invading pretty bowers,
to steal the fruit of laden flowers
And store it safe within the wood.

A thousand times I greet anew,
Your lovely, gentle spring debut,
What lively thoughts does spring arouse
With the sweet discourse of the stream,
'Tis worth the winter's sombre dream
Which kept me shuttered in the house.

Translations

Der Hölle Rache

Der Hölle Rache kocht
In meinem Herzen,
Tod und Verzweiflung
flammet um mich her!
Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro
Todesschmerzen,
So bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr.
Verstossen sei auf ewig,
Verlassen sei auf ewig,
Zertrümmert se'n auf ewig
Alle Bande der Natur
Wenn nicht durch dich!
Sarastro wird erblassen!
Hört, Rachegötter,
Hört der Mutter Schwur!

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
ins tiefe Tal herniederseh',
und singe, und singe,
fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
schwingt sich empor der
Widerhall der Klüfte.
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mire wieder
klingt von unten.
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so
heiss nach ihr hinüber!

In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich,
mir ist die Freude hin,
auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
ich hier so einsam bin.
So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
der Frühling meine Freud',
nun mach' ich mich fertig,
zum Vandern bereit.
Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mire wieder klingt.

The Vengeance of Hell

The vengeance of Hell boils
in my heart,
Death and despair
flame about me!
If Sarastro does not through you feel
The pain of death,
Then you will be my daughter nevermore.
Disowned may you be forever,
Abandoned may you be forever,
Destroyed be forever
All the bonds of nature,
If not through you
Sarastro becomes pale!
Hear, Gods of Revenge,
Hear a mother's oath!

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
into the deep valley look down,
and sing, and sing,
far out of the deep, dark valley
The echo from the
ravines comes soaring up.
The farther my voice carries,
the clearer it comes back to me
from down below.
My sweetheart lives so far from me,
For that reason I am so
ardently longing for her over there!

I am consumed by deep grief;
for me all joy is gone.
for me all hope on this earth has retreated;
I am so lonesome here.
So longingly rang in the woods the song,
so longingly rang it through the night,
that it draws hearts toward heaven
With wondrous power.

The spring will come,
the spring, my joy,
now I shall make myself ready,
Prepared to go wandering again.
The farther my voice carries,
The clearer it come back to me.

Upcoming Events:

11/16/2015 — Measha Bueggergosman(\$) — 8:00 PM

Diehn Fine Arts Building, Chandler Recital Hall

11/17/2015 — New Music Ensemble — 7:30 PM

Diehn Fine Arts Building, Chandler Recital Hall

11/18/2015 — Into the Woods(\$) — 12:30 PM

Goode Theater

11/18/2015 — Student Performance Hour — 3&4 PM

Diehn Fine Arts Building, Chandler Recital Hall

(\$) Ticket Box Office: (757) 683-5305

<http://www.oduartstix.com/>